

And went away through Scollays square and
down toward Cornhill.
My father, mother, and poor Bill went dig-
ging worms together.

At Summer street a score of years had
passed in rapid flight,
The years on-rolled, the cars did not,
Many a day and night.
My old forget his fishing quest, the scheme
he cherished most,
And lying on a cushioned seat gave up his
weary ghost.
The hearse that took him to his grave
ahead went of the car.

cided the Ritchies should take the edge which were fringed with bushes, while Jordan was to walk through the centre. Ritchie walked faster than Jordan, who was impatiently watching for the appearance of a deer, not suspecting the presence of Ritchie in advance of him, suddenly fired a shot he supposed to be a deer's head. It proved to be the head of Ritchie, partially hid by the intervening bushes, and the ball sped with unerring aim, crashed through his skull, killing him instantly.

To agents who
gives a large cash

Address _____

secure, **THE GLOBE**
e to every applicant.
Boston, Mass.